Teenage Dirtbags

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Teenage Dirtbags

by Eggplantssandpeachess

Summary

Will kills Randall who was actually some kind of witch. As a last ditch effort to live Randall recites a spell to reverse his age. But Will and Hannibal end him in a ceremony of blood causing the spell to be placed on them instead. Hannibal is delighted and Will is... conflicted.

Notes

I just wanted to write this random idea I had

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

“Even steven,” Said Will at the head of Hannibal's table. He stood with his posture strong and before him there laid the evidence of his victory.

Hannibal assessed him blankly and nodded at that. Pulled by Will's static energy he gravitated towards the younger man, ingratiating his presence into Will's personal space. Gently, he held Will’s wounded hand within his grasp.

Will’s hands were undoubtedly soft but the tips had charming callouses from labour, like little stories imprinted into his very skin. Hannibal quietly scented the young man and hummed, pleased. Engine oil, dog, ash and snow, and infused between was the scent of blood and violence and power.

Will was not sure how to feel when Hannibal held him like that. He effectively shut down the connection in his brain between touch and contact -- dry, warm hands -- and the visceral catharsis of ending a life. It was a jarring association. Will steeled himself and forced a look at the monster.

Hannibal's face had a curved touch of amusement that shined in his eyes in the strangest of ways. Black diamonds and velvet smoke. It was unsettling how raw pleasure could be communicated in such a demure manner. Anything beyond that would take too much time for Will to ever deconstruct. Rather, he quickly turned his gaze away and thought of his plans, at this point he was fairly unconvinced that they were far from unsuccessful. Will was too successful, that was the danger now.

Both men looked upon the body of Randall Tier, face bloodied and beaten, undoubtedly dead until suddenly it wasn't.

The cold and stiff body shook, convulsing, it shrieked and crackled with the sounds of bones twisting and breaking beyond normal human limits. Randall's face gaped open, mouth wide, eyes alight. *"Revetere, revetere, revetere--"* Chanted the dead man. The voice was hollow and far, yet equally bold and haunting. It reverberated against Hannibal's dark cobalt blue dining walls, echoing as though there were several sources.

Hannibal did not jump but his body froze. "Will." He said in lieu of asking for an explanation.

Will broke into action, surprised at the scene. "He--He was very dead the last time I saw him…"

Hannibal and Will looked at one another and in an unplanned moment of synchrony landed upon the flailing figure of Randall Tier.

Will held Randall down by his shoulders while Hannibal produced his trusty scalpel.

"Revetere, revetere, revetere--"

Hannibal supposed Randal had forfeited his life the moment he decided to prey on Will Graham, though to let the beast live had the potential to further his game in an unexpected direction. Hannibal contemplated the possibilities.

“Hannibal--!” Will stammered glancing from the body to Hannibal.

Randall kicked furiously but his eyes were distant. His spine bent strangely as his chest rose off the polished table. *“Revetere, revetere, revetere--”*

This was an enigma even Hannibal could not explain. He stared openly at Randall and voiced nothing further.

“Goddammit--” Will hissed, snatching the scalpel before plunging it into Randall's throat. He swiped across, deft movements that sprayed blood everywhere.

Hannibal closed his eyes and Will looked away, none of which spared them from being drenched in a wave of red hot liquid.

In what seemed to be an unending tidal wave of fluids, Randall was finally still and quiet. Both men breathed out in thankful relief.

Hannibal was the first to open his eyes. He tilted his head, unsure of what he was actually seeing. His pale eyebrows rose, and rose higher still when Will turned to stare at him in the eye.

Will's face was red, hair matted flat, but his eyes, those eyes were vibrant blue. An arresting look indeed. They were simply full of life, more so than usual, in fact, his whole face had been rejuvenated following the wash of Randall Tier's essence. Even his beard had been cleansed away, revealing smooth touchable skin. *His beard?*

“Will.” Hannibal began. “Your face,” He paused. “Has always been so characteristically youthful for you age,” He blinked. “But right now you look positively juvenile.”

“What?” Will squeaked. *Squeaked?*

“Yes, Will?-” Hannibal cleared his throat. “Yes, Will?” He repeated oddly before rubbing a hand over his throat. There was a distinct lack of timbre and depth in his voice. It rung higher, without gravel, much too smooth and none too commanding. He frowned.

“Your face!” Will pointed. “Y-your face! You look like you're still in highschool!”

Hannibal looked at his body. His coat and the suit underneath had nearly eclipsed him. It was as though he had crumpled beneath the fabric, or dressed in clothes far too large for his frame. He frowned, his tailor would never dress him in such an improperly fitted suit.

“Yes, it would seem so…”

“Christ…” Will sighed. He looked around and grimaced. A dead body, pools of dark blood and now somehow a teenager again, all while sharing the experience with The Chesapeake Ripper of all people. “Are you expecting anyone tonight?” Somehow this all took precedence over the fact that he had just killed someone in front of Hannibal. Will cursed internally, playing right into his hands.

“No,”

“Not even Alana,” Will spat bitterly.

Hannibal did not deign Will’s goad an answer and only quirked his brow. “What were your plans for Mr. Tier, Will?”

“My plans? This isn't the best time for that now Hannibal. Especially with you and I not being of legal age.”

“I don't believe there is a legal age for murder, Will,” Hannibal smiled with his eyes.

Will chuckled deprecatingly. “He hurt my dog, Buster. Did you tell him to do that too? Or just kill me?”

Hannibal pouted his lips. “Just kill you, as I recall,” It was an unfortunate likelihood, Hannibal thought as he made a note to give Buster an extra sausage the next time he visited

Will's canine family.

“You petty son of a bitch,” Will shook his head then gestured to Randall's prone figure. “Well, we need to dispose of him, show me your kill space, I'm assuming you have a basement here.” Will gritted his teeth.

Hannibal tilted his head ignoring Will’s profanity, pleased to know Will had guessed correctly. Yes, Hannibal was bold and confident enough to have such a place so close to home, at the heart of the home as it were.

“I prefer to call it my extended pantry,” It was unnecessary to speak so vaguely now.

Will rolled his eyes indignantly, taking off his coat and rolling up his sleeves. “Show me.”

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Teenage Will and Hannibal have to deal with clean up

“Show me.”

Hannibal opened his mouth but shut it quickly before broaching a subject he felt Will would be adverse towards. In his experience it was more favourable to let people come to their own conclusions rather than explicitly tell them. These were delicate times and associations came quickly for dear Will. He must tread carefully. Hannibal had no qualms in taking charge but he did not think Will would enjoy that in the slightest. Best to start small and insignificant, foot-in-the-door phenomenon and all that.

Hannibal was giving Will a patient look that reminded Will of this kid he knew back in high-school. Once, in class when Will finally had the courage to put up his hand for the teacher, and was praised for his correct answer, the Nerd of the class-- and it seemed this was a universal thing in every school and every class he had ever had the pleasure of transferring to in his miserable childhood life-- had the goodwill to further expand on Will’s simple answer as though he was giving a lecture, complete with the typical “Well, actually-,”.

“You... want me to wash?” Will guessed.

Hannibal beamed. “Yes, the guest bathroom is fully stocked-- first floor in the bedroom to the right, please try to not contaminate the rest of the house as you go.”

Will blinked slowly. “Sure.”

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Now that Will and Hannibal had cleansed themselves of Randall Tier's blood they reconverged to deal with the matter at hand.

“Thanks for the clothes, but they’re a little big,” Will waved about in one of Hannibal’s dress shirts. He rolled up the sleeves and made extra holes in Hannibal’s leather belt to secure his waist. He copied Hannibal’s presentation to make it as neat as possible.

Watching with an uncontainable twitch in his eye, Hannibal cleared his throat. “An unfortunate consequence,” He said with all seriousness. “I have taken the liberty to burn our soiled clothes,” And he planned to throw away that belt Will wore too, its leather ruined by Will’s machinations. He should’ve used the leather hole puncher when he laid out Will’s outfit but he had little time.

“Okay.”

Will found it a little disconcerting to look at Hannibal when he looked so young now. He looked like the school’s head boy, the perfect pupil on the honour roll. If it weren’t for the permanent look of smugness on his face he would look entirely innocent. But obviously Will knew the truth. With circumstances as alarming as they were, Will had to take a moment to amalgamate the terrifying vision of a cannibalistic serial killer with that of a boy sporting a side part that would've looked at home at the Maths League or Spelling Bee.

Hannibal, on the other hand, wasted no time soaking in the veritable existence of Will into the depths of his memory palace. Youth had not changed his intrinsic scruffiness in the slightest, but rather transferred it into his hair. It was all soft curls and angelic deposition. A perfect model for an iconic piece of Renaissance art.

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They were both covered within clear body suits that Hannibal had happily procured. Will took them with a hasty and insincere ‘thanks’ which turned sharply into a satisfied smirk when Hannibal realised the aesthetic did not quite match his body size. Rolls of extra plastic made noise like one of Will’s dog's squeaky toy.

They carried Randall Tier down first before returning to the dining table to clean the mess. Will was just about to begin with the bleach when Hannibal stopped him.

“Will, I don’t think my furniture would survive, nor the floor boards.” Said Hannibal with a heavy heart.

Will looked at the blonde, he was blonde now, not the usual salt and pepper mane, and scoffed. “This whole place is going to light up, Hannibal.”

“If someone were to search my home, perhaps. Is there someone with a search warrant planning to search my home, Will?”

Well, of course not, the FBI were useless. “The dining table would be the least of what they find.” Will grumbled and snatched at the spray bottle that had the claim ‘With a touch of Olive oil!’ written across it.

After the brief clean up of the dining table and a lengthy speech about the fragility of antique furniture and different types of woods and their origins, Will and Hannibal headed for the bulkier task of disassembling Randall Tier.

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Hannibal’s basement was a scene straight out of a horror movie; a metal work bench, curtains of plastic sheeting, but predictably without the artificial grime or macabre decorations. Hannibal ran a tight ship, congruent to Will’s profile. For the most part it was utilitarian but the section with the snail colony living in the glass cabinet was a little too pompous. Will

sneered at the slimy creatures, happy to feed from whatever Hannibal had given them. Will assumed it must be an act of disturbing poetry, since it reminded him of Hannibal's many dinner parties. The attendees both guests and future main course being fattened up by the most artisanal of methods. By the looks of it, the snails seemed to be enthusiastically attached to some part of an arm, probably Gideon's, since the report after the whole Chilton farce stated several missing pieces of the deceased inmate. "Half eaten", that's what Chilton had said to Will.

Hannibal looked on to Will in his usual serene stare while both of them were elbow deep in Randall Tier's beastly cavern.

Will was a quick learner, not an accidental nip on any organ and Hannibal was quietly impressed. He glanced every so often as he passed Will various tools; bone saw, forceps, knives. All in all, Will was a natural. Even with smaller hands Will was steady and dexterous. Will demonstrated fine motor skills and muscle memory from his time at the fly tying desk. Hannibal appreciated all origins of latent talent.

As Randall's chest was being emptied Hannibal's own seemed to fill. He was simply delighted with Will's becoming. The fantastical vision he had dreamed of repeatedly was suddenly reality and he felt he did not have quite the right amount of time to wholeheartedly savor it. As satisfying as it was to do these things alone, to do them now with Will had reduced all other memory into mere insignificant echoes.

"This wasn't my design," Will stated as he wiped his forehead with his forearm. Hannibal gave him that nonchalant tilt that Will knew was anything but. Their eyes locked all but half a second and it was too much for Will. He sniffed feeling a lot warmer, the plastic suit was stifling. A second shower was in order, he thought in grievance. But he'd be damned if he'd enjoy another second of it in Hannibal's lavish bathroom. The first wash had given Will's skin a good soaking of Bergamot and Ylang Ylang to last him the rest of the year.

"I had thought as much," Hannibal hummed.

"I wanted to elevate him," Will gestured to the cadaver. "Turn him into who he really was," Will sighed. His adrenaline had faded now and he felt dead on his feet, not as dead as Randall though.

“To match the animal he believed he was,” Hannibal mused. “We could still do that, Will.”

Will was jolted by images of prehistoric bones and pliable flesh. A frightening and gruesome sculpture born of his understanding of Randall. The idea seemed to whet his appetite considerably. He licked his lips. “Wh-where do you purpose this scene should be made?”

“Come now, Will, I believe you knew where already.” Hannibal quirked his eyebrow and tilted his head. Squeezing the spongy lungs of Randall Tier, he placed them gently on a metal tray. They would do quite nicely minced and packaged inside pork caul fat for a hearty casserole, perfect to warm Will against the cold winter weather. Randall was a very healthy young man, and besides when have bears or wolves ever smoked?

Will eyed the lungs, and scowled. “We can't drive, we're too young. We don’t even look 18.”

Hannibal narrowed his eyes. “In body not in mind, Will.”

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Will contemplates his role as murderer. Hannibal thinks about the future.

Will’s father knew of this saying that he used to always repeat to Will; ‘Only dead fish go with the flow’ or something to that effect. In retrospect it wasn't the most rousing piece of wisdom, but that’s just how dads were, spouting morbid proverbs completely unaware of their effects on young impressionable minds. It became a saying that Will subconsciously lived by, so much so it gave him an aversion to submit to the consensus, or in layman's terms, it made him a stubborn son-of-a-bitch. God forbid his father gave him some sort of advice on how to be happy or content. Imagine where he would be otherwise.

So naturally, when faced with the mighty rapids that is one Hannibal Lecter, a fish like Will Graham did the only thing he knew; he swam. As Will prepared himself for the journey against the pull of a strong current he was confronted instead with a gentle stream; and eerily, it was deceptively calm. Any other man would take the offer of refuge, but not Will. He was made of much stronger stuff; he could see things others could not. And see he did, because to his horror he saw that he was no longer swimming in a river, but had found himself in the middle of the ocean.

Hannibal waltzed into the sitting room with a tray of tea. His body moved with such fluidity that it would be better to describe the action as a demonstration of diffusion. The energy of youth had reclaimed his person, from bone to muscle, allowing skills of old to perform better than ever with new equipment. "Will? I bought us some tea,"

Hannibal could see that Will was brooding. The brunette had not even blinked at the call. Not even the savoury aroma of Sencha was able to rouse him. Hannibal repeated what he said but to no avail. Rude, but forgivable, a war seemed to have erupted within Will's mind, no doubt a battle between guilt and newly discovered freedom. Brooding, Hannibal thought, was a much better result than outright rejection and he surged at the opening to maneuver himself within Will's indecision.

Will could barely register whatever Hannibal was spouting off. By the sounds of it the cannibal had the merry tone of a newly engaged lady in waiting and it troubled him to no end. He spied at the imposing Harpsichord across the room, sending it dirty looks. That 18th century monstrosity was quite obviously disapproving of Will's terrible posture. Disgruntled, he decided to sink even deeper into Hannibal's plush couch.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Hannibal. New horizons discovered and many more to experience. Now with Will by his side it wasn't something he would willingly let go. Youth had gifted them a fortuitous opportunity to leave the past and its suspicious eyes behind and start anew. Hannibal's mind was already in the midst of creating clever ways to make the old, and adult Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham disappear without a trace.

Will shifted his glance towards Hannibal who was sitting so closely another inch and the cannibal would practically be on top of him. Hannibal was articulating something profound and poetic, most probably, Will guessed, though he heard none of it. There was nothing but a ringing silence in his ear as the surreal realisation of what had occurred descended all at once. Randall was packed away in neat little packages, flash frozen, fresher than any product sold at the local supermarket. An actual *adult human* was processed through the Lecter abattoir just like that, with Will an active participant. He had absolutely no right in feeling so oddly accomplished. And it wasn't that monumental glory from winning a race either, no, it was more like the quiet pride felt from a hard morning run with the dogs. His young body was abuzz with endorphins, tired but delightfully relaxed. Disturbed by the thought, Will shot up, he didn't like it one bit. Hannibal, of course, looked on amused, and Will cursed internally. His treacherous mind had just compared murder and butchering to a healthy goddamn lifestyle choice.

"Yes, it is a healthy lifestyle choice, Will." Hannibal smiled widely.

"Christ!" Will's spell was broken, and as expected, Hannibal pervaded his personal space like a supernatural spirit. "Don't smile like that, you look like a possessed altar boy."

He reached out to place a comforting squeeze on Will's delicate shoulder. “And you look like the embodiment of Nerites,” Hannibal replied adoringly.

Will stared incredulously, slightly paranoid that his quiet contemplation was anything but silent. “Nerites chose to remain in the ocean, even when offered wings by Aphrodite. Offended, the goddess turned him into a *shrimp* .” He gritted out.

"Is that where you believe you are at this moment, Will? In the middle of a vast ocean?"

"And if I choose to stay I'll be cursed."

“But Poseidon turned him back."

"That's all well and good but we all know Poseidon to have a vengeful personality." Will quirked an eyebrow.

"He can. The old gods were quite capricious." Hannibal hummed. "But some say Poseidon loved Neirtes and Nerites loved him back," Hannibal continued easily. "And their mutual love gave rise to Anteros, the god of returned love."

Will huffed. “There are different versions,” He said with a dismissive wave of his hand.

“I know which one I prefer, do you, Will?”

Will rubbed his face with his hands feeling how strangely small they were. Right, he was a teenager now. Will ignored Hannibal's opening, he had no time for a deep conversation. Nevermind that he wasn't even an expert on mythology. “Look, I've got to go, the dogs need me, especially Buster, he's probably biting at his wound already,” Said Will distractedly.

Hannibal caught Will by his arm and held on firmly ."Will," Hannibal started. The veritable bubble had suddenly burst for Hannibal. This would not do in any circumstances. Yes, he may have decided that having Will direct would be most beneficial, but this current direction was not what he had in mind. The mere thought of Will Graham walking away, pilfering joy from the very air was deeply wounding. A number of scenarios flashed in Hannibal's mind and many of them included syringes and restraints. "Stay with me," He said as he held back the tone an inch short of pleading.

Will froze his movements to assess Hannibal. That quiet tone, how the other avoids connection with his eyes. It occurred to Will how clear these tells were, now that his mind was fresher, younger, healthier. Refusal for Will could cost greatly, but what vexed him more was how much he didn't want to refuse. And what did that say for a man, well, boy now, to find such pleasant company with someone as dangerous as Hannibal? Apart from any of that, what Will gathered from Hannibal's display was how mercurial the cannibal was. Could this be the moment where he tragically becomes the cursed shrimp? It didn't seem very smart to upset a guy who thought about Greek and Roman tragedies as relationship aspirations, best that he chose his next words carefully.

Will tried a different tactic. "Why don't *you,* " He pointed a finger. "Stay with me?" He challenged.

Hannibal blinked. “I will join you, and accompany you back home,”

"Fine." Said Will tersely.

"Lead the way."

"Fine."

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They drove in Hannibal's car, not the Bentley, his *other* car, the one no one knew he had. Like a gentleman, Hannibal offered to drive but didn't necessarily object when Will volunteered.

Since he had always been curious about the true logistics of Hannibal's many murder escapades, Will took the wheel, eager to uncover another piece in the Chesapeake Ripper puzzle. Apparently, the Honda-CR V was fully stocked for a least a few day's worth of dubious errands, complete with laundered suits and a bottle of perfume in the armrest storage. Will whistled at Hannibal's level of planning and asked if such a hauteur serial killer had ever tolerated a night to sleep in such an average car, to which Hannibal did not deign an answer, merely pouting in response.

Hannibal could have done without Will's numerous verbal jabs but the more he listened the more he understood that this was Will Graham being playful. To his surprise the rudeness didn't stir the violence creativity quite like many others Hannibal had harvested. It was a good sign as any, like a victory, and he began to enjoy the car ride more openly, much to Will's dismay.

"What will you do if we get pulled over?" Will broached.

"What *we* will do, you mean," Hannibal chided. "There are several syringes in the glove compartment ready for use. You will be in charge of distraction and I will incapacitate the officer."

"Do any of your bright ideas not include murder?" Will remarked sarcastically. "Plenty of boot room in the back," He added as consolation.

"Plenty of space in your barn, plenty more around Wolf Trap" Hannibal tilted his head. "Though with the way you drive I doubt any law enforcement would find a reasonable excuse to stop us."

Will snorted. "I don't drive that often anymore, ever since y'know, losing my mind and *you* being the main determinant of--"

Like a jinx, suddenly, from behind, a siren was heard and a flash of light could be seen from the rear view mirror. Blue and red washed the interior of the car reminding them both of the long arm of the law.

Will pulled over and killed the engine. Looking around nervously, he gripped the wheel and straightened his back. Hannibal on the other hand was calm, completely at ease since his pockets were laced with all the necessary tools. Policemen weren't ideal victims but Hannibal was flexible.

They could see the police officer step out, an older gentleman with a large build. Hannibal was calculating his chances of success, coiling his wits for when an altercation arises. Certainly with his current age and smaller frame he had forgone physical strength but speed was on his side. Hannibal reached for the door handle and waited.

Will looked over at Hannibal and grabbed his arm. "Don't," He hissed. "We could pass for at least 16 as long as he doesn't ask for identification,"

"What are the chances of that particular outcome, Will?"

"Very low but the officer looks tired, it's late, everyone just wants to go home." Will whispered as he lowered the driver side window.

"Evening gentlemen," Greeted the officer. Deputy Simon Barrett of the county sheriff's department knew he had a deep intimidating voice, but he kept it slow and far from unkind. In his line of work people reacted better that way, because sometimes it wasn't what you say but how you say it. "Boys," He corrected, raising his eyebrows, when he finally got a good look at the driver and passenger. Nothing wrong with some boys riding in a car, boys will be

boys, as they say. Nothing wrong with the driving either, none of that swerving or speeding nonsense. But the time, it was late as *hell* , so Simon *had* to pull them over, just in case, you never know. He wasn't one to flex his authority, or whatever the kids say these days, but he was cool, he could be cool. It was probably nothing anyway.

The officer adjusted his belt and relaxed his stance, Will spotted a wedding ring snug on his finger. The man looked old enough to be a father, old enough to be a father of a teenager. Will remodelled his expression. "Evening, sir." He replied. Keeping his face open, Will offered eye contact, not overly long but just enough to communicate nervousness.

Simon blinked on closer examination. These kids were something else. Models? Actors? Maybe they were Youtubers. The baggy clothes were a little strange but what did Simon know about fashion anyway? These two definitely have parents worried sick about them, and he would know, Simon wouldn't want his own son driving around past midnight, so he should probably make this quick. Simon was just about to get down to the heart of things when a movement caught his eye. Zeroing inside the vehicle he saw the driver, a pretty boy brunette, holding the blond boy's arm. Oh, it was like that was it? Simon shifted uncomfortably, hell, he had no issues with that sort of thing, and he certainly didn't want to look like he did.

"...You boys aren't in any trouble are you?" Simon pointed with his eyes to where they were connected. "Mom and dad okay with you out this late? What'r your names?"

"Uh, Billy, sir." Will followed the officer's line of sight.

Hannibal smirked, removing himself from Will's grip only to surprise the latter by lacing their fingers together. "Mikhail." He answered confidently.

Simon scratched the back of his head. "Ya'll don't have to lie to me. Look son, running away is not, take it from me," He stressed the point. "Not the best way to teach your parents. Have you tried talking?"

Whatever Will wanted to spin to the officer had perished in his throat. He looked at Hannibal and passed the torch, like a tag team, he was out.

Never one to drop the ball Hannibal replied seamlessly. "I assure you officer," He smiled warmly. "Our parents could not be happier. And thank you for your concern, if more people were as kind as you the world would be a far better place."

Simon sighed, it was a nice feeling to do the right thing and be thanked for it. "Alright, alright, no need to lay it on too thick," He chuckled. “So, what were you two up to tonight anyway?”

"Tonight we were just at a small party. We stayed a little later to clean up the mess our friend had left," Hannibal explained.

Will gawked, not missing the villainous glint in Hannibal's eyes. Without the officer noticing, Will shut his unhinged jaw and returned to his facade, struggling to convince himself he was completely and truly *unimpressed* at how believable Hannibal looked. Somehow, an innocuous conversation had sprung and both Will and Hannibal were able to navigate it with ridiculous ease. Lies upon lies built atop of each other. And It may have, if he dared, been a little fun. Will filed away *that* particular thought for later and continued to mirror the pleasantness that Hannibal was radiating, glad that in the end it was enough for the officer to let them go.

“I’m glad we didn’t kill him,” Will breathed out as the patrol car drove away.

Hannibal chuckled. “*We*, Will? You don’t mean me? How Freudian of you,”

The rest of the drive was an uninterrupted journey into darker and darker roads. *Here be dragons* , Hannibal thought gleefully . Finally, Will's house emerged from the distance and Hannibal smiled with the lingering warmth he felt in his hand, the hand that held Will. Will's innate ability mimic had made him the perfect partner in crime. Hannibal had never doubted what he saw in Will but to be reminded of it was always a momentous occasion.

"What are you smiling about?" Will parked the car and yanked the hand break. "You smooth bastard." He huffed.

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Jack Crawford was getting worried. The last he heard from Will was three days ago. They were in the middle of a case and now their main suspect, Randall Tier, along with Will was mysteriously missing.

His door swung open and in stormed Alana Bloom, all pale and wide eyed. Her hands were crossed over her chest and her stance looked as though whatever she wanted, she wanted it immediately.

Jack sighed and prepared for the onslaught. "Dr. Bloom." He greeted.

"Jack. Where is he? Where is Hannibal?"

Jack frowned when he heard this information."Hannibal is missing?" He didn't share any of his own concerns with her, not until it was necessary, which at the moment it was not. He rubbed his chin, processing the revelation. Will Graham was missing, Randall Tier was missing and now Hannibal Lecter was missing. "Have you checked his office? His home… since the two of you are--"

"Yes, I've checked. He's not there," Alana began to pace. "I knew it was a bad idea to have Will return as his patient, Hannibal is not the type to give up on someone, he's stubborn like that,"

"They seemed alright to me," Jack lied.

"Will is unstable Jack! He tried to have Hannibal killed or have you forgotten? What Will needs is a therapist that he *doesn't* have delusional thoughts about." Alana was getting worked up but Jack felt it best to let her simmer.

"I believe this energy is best directed towards a more appropriate audience," Jack broached. "Maybe you should see Will,"

Alana paused and looked at him. She narrowed her stare as though trying to decipher something.

"I am going to get to the bottom of this, Jack." She announced before leaving in a gust of wind.

Jack leaned back in his chair, seemingly unaffected. After a moment of pregnant contemplation he spotted Zeller walking past. He called out to the technician.

"I need you to track a mobile phone. Make it two." Said Jack.

"Oh? Someone we know?"

"Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham."

Zeller raised his eyebrows. Jack replied with a pointed stare.

"This doesn't get out."

Zeller nodded. "Got it."

Chapter 4

Chapter Summary

Billy and Mikhail are bosom pals

Jack Crawford was striding into the labs, his blazer flapping around with the speed in which he entered. A number of lower level technicians scuttled into a show of work while others fled like cowards.

"Zeller," Jack announced loudly to the back of the man's head.

Zeller jumped and Jack stepped back easily. "Jesus christ," Zeller huffed clutching his chest.

"About that thing I told you to do, what did you find?"

Zeller swirled around on his stool and stared pointedly at the floor. Damn, Jack was too intimidating and he could feel himself practically melt under that gaze. And this was further exacerbated by the fact that he had little to report. "Uh, last known location was uh, Italy?"

"What?" Jack snapped.

"That's all I got boss," Zeller scratched his head. "Not like either of them have social media,"

"You want to explain yourself there Zeller?" Impatience seeped from his tone.

"Hannibal and Will don't have social media, you know like normal people." Whispered Zeller. "I don't know! They're like that! Last time I saw Graham's phone it was an ancient brick," He grumbled. "They're probably off on their honeymoon for all I care..."

"Are you insinuating my best profiler is having an affair with his psychiatrist?"

"What?" Zeller began to fidget. "No, no, I'm not saying that," He chuckled dryly. Damn Price and his crazy theories, so crazy even Zeller was starting to believe them. He knew he wasn't supposed to tell anyone, but it was only Price, and really, Jack should already know that liability would be a given. Price was always one to point out Graham's and Lecter's strange relationship, which on first glance Zeller thought was very plausible. But then Price suggested a romantic angle which then sent Zellar into a brooding fit to review every detail he had ever seen of the profiler and psychiatrist. The whole thing, in the end, gave him a major headache. There was no missing persons report for either Graham or Lecter, not even a peep from the psychiatrist's many avid patients. So, Zeller concluded, was there even anything suspicious going on? Zeller needed a break, maybe he should have a word with Human Resources to see if he had any holiday left. Price had his heart set on Spain but Zeller is now leaning on the prospects of Italy.

"I'm going to pretend we didn't have this conversation." Jack pointed his finger at a stuttering Zeller. What fresh hell was this? Jack thought. .

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He stared at Will’s sleeping form, still deep in slumber, curled in, appearing smaller amongst the sheets. There was something intrinsically peaceful in watching the steady rise and fall of warm, living breath. So defenseless, so vulnerable, such an easy strike and Hannibal had been watching for *hours* . It was strange how well Will would sleep when Hannibal was around, and the implication itself was delightful. Unblinking in his greedy persual, Hannibal entertained the idea of murder, or better yet of sketching the vision before him. But alas, he had no tools with him, not counting Will's dull knives in the kitchen.

These last few days were some of the finest memories he had. It had been spent in such pleasant company, with the addition of Will’s dogs (Hannibal had little choice in that aspect), that he almost felt sad to disturb their momentary truce. But Hannibal knew there would be greener pastures for both of them, and he was tenacious in securing that future. He noted how each morning they awoke unchanged, still teenagers, and that was everything Hannibal needed as proof that their current situation was real and would continue in permanency; *oh to be young and in love* . Will, certainly not celebrating his sojourn from isolation, was surprisingly less confrontational about Hannibal's proximity, happy to putter about, running around with his pack, even watching television in perhaps the most relaxed Hannibal had ever seen him. And how endearing was that? Hannibal smiled, and never one to deny his hedonism leaned closer by Will's ear inhaling the scent of skin and hair and sweat, picking up notes of musk heated by the body during sleep.

Will must have felt Hannibal’s presence because he was suddenly very awake. The mere-exposure effect be damned, his survival instincts were still wholly intact. “What are you up to?” Will asked with a glare.

Hannibal removed himself from his seat on Will’s bed and stood. “Do you like the name Billy, Will? Was it your father’s name?”

Will pressed the bridge of his nose and rubbed the sleep from his eyes. “Coffee first. Questions later, *Mikhail* .”

"Fear not young Billy," Hannibal practically skipped towards the kitchen.

"Don't call me that, *Mik* ," Will called out as he crawled out of bed and sat on its edge. He peered at his couch and saw the neatly folded blankets and tried not to feel so guilty. Hannibal had been sleeping there, and if the cannibal felt uncomfortable he had not said a word on the matter. Does Hannibal practice yoga? He had amazing posture, or, most probably just well trained, resilient muscles. Will doubted if it was possible for anyone's back to even survive Will's decrepit furniture, considering his own back was close to permanent disfigurement especially from his many weekend whiskey benders, which now, a lesson learnt, made him pedantic in always reaching his bed before he knocked out.

Stretching his neck Will rubbed his hairless chin, pondering on the last few days. Guilt seemed to always be the first emotion Will would feel when he regarded other people, Hannibal wasn't any different but after the initial guilt faded irritation or contempt would be quick to crop, though that strangely began to fade as well. For example, Will went fishing yesterday and without invitation the cannibal just followed at a creepy distance, always partially covered by branches, before revealing himself by the river, looming around, inspecting every detail of Will's intimate fishing spot. For anyone else the sight would be labelled as a serious violation, stalking amongst other things, but Will had a strange sense of closure in the knowledge that Hannibal's figure was real, *At least it's not some hallucination* , he thought as the hours flew by. As the sun began to set Will's mind was beyond the constraints of time and he hadn't realised that Hannibal began to call to him. Obviously what had happened was that Hannibal had wanted to capture Will's attention but in doing so the cannibal thought it best he edge closer towards the water, closer, and closer until--

“Will--” *splash!*

Will returned to reality to find Hannibal soaked to the bones in winter chilled water flashing a look that would pass as evidence in a trial for first degree murder. And the kicker was that Will began to laugh so goddamn loud the dogs were startled. Will slapped his mouth shut instantly, on account that he didn't have a death wish, but Hannibal Lecter, adaptable as he was, looked like he won despite being on his ass, knee deep in freezing water without a hint of a shiver. Without thinking too much on it Will just shook his head and offered a hand.

Shuffling sounds of a homely nature came from the kitchen making Will very aware of Hannibal's presence in his little house. There was the clinking of glass, a whisper of running water, before steps padded towards him.

He rounded the corner to find Will still sitting on his bed, now rubbing his forearms from the morning's cold temperature. Pale bare arms were alight in gooseflesh and Hannibal wanted to read the texture with his fingers like a novel in braille. "Likewise," said Hannibal as he returned holding two steaming cups in hand. "Nicknames are crude,"

Will raised a brow and smirked. "Okay *Mik* , whatever you say *Mik* , *Mmmmm-ik* ,"

"I see the mind has degraded into a state which matches your stature and age, I will remember to record any changes in our condition.”

"If that's a short joke I suggest you try something else, I'm a late bloomer," Will grumbled, patting down his bird nest hair.

“Coffee?” Hannibal stretched a cup towards Will.

Will looked up and almost wilted at the gesture. It was nice to wake up to someone other than the dogs. “Thanks… Hannibal.” Even if that person was a murderous psychopath.

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“What are you planning, Hannibal?” Will chewed on his scrambled eggs on toast. It tasted fantastic, granted it was the fourth day he had had the same breakfast but Will was running out of food and unlike their sleeping arrangements, Hannibal had complained this point incessantly. He sat adjacent to Hannibal, hunched over his plate, legs man-spreading like an uncultured brute. “Wait let me rephrase that. What have you planned and executed… Without my knowledge?”

“You have no doubt realised that we have disappeared." Hannibal finished his delicate mouthful and wiped his lips with Will’s sandpaper grade napkins. He winced at the sensation and vowed to burn them when he had the chance.

Will quirked his eyebrow pausing on a bite of food momentarily, so as to seem polite.

The cannibal leaned in conspiratorially. "The Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham of old have ceased to exist,”

“I wasn’t that old,” Will huffed. “ *You* , maybe,” He pointed with his fork.

“That was rude, Will.” Hannibal narrowed his eyes. “Have you contacted Jack Crawford?”

Will frowned. “No actually, I haven't even seen my phone anywhere,” He looked around to demonstrate, passing over the numerous eyes and noses all pointed in the direction of his breakfast. "I'll feed you after," He muttered to the dogs.

“That’s to be expected, it is most likely in Italy by now.”

“What?”

“For all intents and purposes the two of us are on a Holiday.” Two days ago, while Will was distracted by his lovable pack, Hannibal had covertly sent Chiyoh specific instructions for the both of them. A memorised number and a couple burner phones stored in the Civic was all he needed. Chiyoh’s stoicism was something he could always rely on and she accepted Hannibal’s request without question. *Excellent* .

“Together?”

“In Florence, a place where I became a man--”

"Excuse me?" Will blinked incredulously. “Who the hell would believe such a thing--”

There was a loud banging at the door followed by someone calling out Will's name. Hannibal stood up as though he expected it and Will barely managed to catch his knife and fork, saving them from clattering on the floor.

The dogs began to bark and whine at the ruckus. Will hissed at them to quiet down. He scowled at Hannibal when he recognised the voice. It was Alana Bloom.

"Will! Open up!"

"Don't open the door," Will panicked.

"Oh, Why not?" Said Hannibal smugly. "I don't believe either of us are current suspects in any active murder cases, correct, *Billy* ?"

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Chapter 5

Chapter Summary

Alana gets dumped by Hannibal's nephew

Alana stood impatiently at Will's door with her nose so uncomfortably close it could have left marks on her skin had she decided to press. Mindlessly she tapped her feet, Alana Bloom was on a mission. She would get her answers out of him one way or another in a firm yet rationally contained method. The compassionate way, she thought, less of a Jack Crawford way of bulldozing down defenses and more actual talking, *communication* , that was what all those years in college had taught her. Alana had realised that everyone around her seemed to regard the concept of boundaries as more of a suggestion rather than a rule. This feeling came to her like a rising tide and she was honestly sick and tired of how audaciously they acted, without a hint of ethics or consideration, and some, she was sure of, had not even attempted to adhere to any legal standard. Jack Crawford, Will Graham and disconcertingly, Hannibal, were all serial trespassers in one degree or another.

This would *all* have taken a grudging, petulant-child sort of backseat festering on her consciousness, if it weren't for the helpful harassment of one fire headed journalist. Alana had only so much patience to bear until her concerns felt as heavy as the shadow of a sinister stalker on the backs of her heels.

"Maybe what Will understands is, if you can't beat Hannibal Lecter, join him." For such a short lady Freddie Lounds did love her *tall* tales, Alana thought bitterly. How dare the redhead ambush her, talking nonsense about ambiguous relationships and double murders. Nevermind the journalist's enormous blue eyes or pixie pointed nose, those tight ropes of amber curls always perfect even in unforgiving blizzard weather. Pretty looking women didn't always act so sweetly, and it's always the pretty ones you have to look out for.

Alana reminded herself that her concern was mostly for Hannibal and of course, ironically, Will as well, but more Hannibal, since several drive bys and knocks (banging) at his house yielded no results . She would be lying if she didn't admit that Miss Lounds had succeeded in shaking the foundations of her perceived knowledge. It was, after all, Hannibal who had agreed to engage Will again, even after everything. And in the end that was the rub was it

not? Her *perception* . Since now she realises that someone else had built that particular lens for her. All that time she spent under the mentorship of Hannibal and all the times she held back from analyzing Will, as only a good friend should, had come to a point where reality had diverged so fantastically it became cloyingly uncomfortable. How wrong was she? Alana had never known so little, and she was justifiably confused, a feeling she did not like at all. If everything were laid bare between them then somewhere she would find a solution, a clearing to the path beyond all this madness.

The door opened.

"Will!-- Oh, Hello?" Alana was momentarily stunned by the young boy she could see through the wire screen, only a teenager by her approximation, with blond hair and brown eyes that were almost red in the morning light. He wore baggy clothes and she recognised some of them as Will's pyjamas; the white shirt and grey bottoms were clearly Will Graham staples. She reeled from the amount of information that had inundated her but proceeded after clearing her throat. "Uh, is Will Graham home?"

"Hello, and you are?" Hannibal asked cordially, backed by Will's curious pack. The dogs gathered around him like furry protectors battling for a spot in the front-line, an indication as any that he was one of their own. They pushed their noses against the wire door eager to sniff their visitor to determine whether they were friend or foe. He opened a small space to peer unobstructed, but not enough to let the dogs out.

"I'm Dr. Alana Bloom," Alana frowned, edging closer in hopes to spy inside the house.

"Oh, Dr. Bloom!" The blonde boy lit up in recognition. "Mr. Graham isn't home, I'm sorry to inform you, he has taken a sabbatical, with my uncle."

"Excuse me? Your uncle? And who is that?" Alana felt a little testy, Will was not one to have many friends. "Who are you? Where is Will?"

"Oh I apologize, my name is Mikhail," The strangely friendly boy tilted his head. "You might know my uncle, Dr. Lecter? He's mentioned you briefly in passing--"

From the table, craning his neck and half way off his seat, Will stared at Hannibal, glaring daggers right into the back of his head. He transmitted unsaid messages of disapproval while he chewed on the last of his scrambled eggs. He sighed, listening to the conversation, he might as well substantiate Hannibal's new angle, as if there ever was a choice. Right now the adult Will Graham may be on an innocent holiday with his psychiatrist but before he knew it the tale could turn into kidnapping or something equally as bad, since Hannibal was terribly persuasive like that. He slammed the rest of his orange juice, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand and went to join Hannibal at the door to enter himself into the fray.

He rubbed his hands together sheepishly. "G'morning ma'am, I hear you were, uh, looking for my uncle Will?" Will broached.

There were two boys at Will's house and Alana didn't hide her critical eye. She looked at the new boy from head to toe, chocolate curls and eyes like that of a baby deer.

"Why don't you come in Ma'am, and sit down?" Said Will with that southern hospitality he had long forgotten. "I'm Billy by the way,"

Hannibal moved aside with an amused smile while Will opened wide the wire door. None of the dogs ran out except Buster, who had healed in record speed, but after a few feet of leaping across the snow the little Jack Russell soon realised he was alone in his mission and turned tail fast.

Alana narrowed her eyes but couldn't deny the resemblance. Billy was wearing Will's pyjamas too and on closer inspection both boys were wearing the exact same thing. She reasoned that Will did seem like the type of man to have twenty pairs of the same outfit.

Alana spotted Will’s energetic Jack Russell who had a bandage on its side for some reason. “That’s Buster right? He okay?”

“Oh yeah he’s fine, little guy could even take on a bear,” The Billy boy chuckled.

She took a tentative step inside the house, clutching at her handbag. She swung quick glances around just to make sure she was at the correct residence. It was no doubt Will's humble abode, the same dreary greenish colour scheme, the odd collection of furniture, and if she looked carefully, even the spot where Will had taken a sledgehammer to the wall above the fireplace, only for it to be repaired, remained, though slightly unfinished. Nothing seemed to be amiss except for Will's bedside window which was now bordered up. She raised her eyebrows and pursed her lips. Billy-- the brunette boy, prompted her to take a seat at the weathered lounge chair, all shy smiles and coyness, while his friend Mikhail hovered behind. As a guest and as stranger, politely, Alana sat, but her visit had soured into another personal sting. Looking at the two boys she realised that this one impromptu visit had gleaned a trove of information about Will and Hannibal than her actual acquaintance with them had ever revealed. For one, it seems both mysterious men had extended families.

"Mikhail was it? Hannibal's never mentioned having a nephew before.."

"I would not doubt it, we Lecters are quite the private bunch,"

"Of course... must run in the family…" Said Alana wryly. "And Billy, I didn't know much about your uncle but I heard he was an only child?"

"Oh right, he and my mom are cousins, like, distant cousins, he don't talk all that much 'bout this side of the family, or any family really, y'know how he is," Will grinned while he scratched his head. "Can I get you anything?"

"No, thank you, I'm fine."

Alana smelled of office and sub par coffee, the very same one served at Quantico. Hannibal ascertained the good doctor would have heard the news of Randal Tier’s disappearance. He had correctly predicted her little visit but Hannibal had not been entirely correct as she had come alone. He narrowed his stare and voiced nothing.

"How can we help ma'am?" Will sat down, both feet off the floor, cross legged on the arm chair. He looked up at Hannibal who stood beside him.

The boys were obviously close with one another, and Alana imagined them meeting through Hannibal and Will's acquaintance and becoming fast friends. She tucked her fringe behind her ear and produced a small smile. "Where did you say your uncles were?"

Hannibal raised an eyebrow. "We didn't."

Will yelped an awkward laugh. "They're in Italy, isn't that right, Mik?"

"Yes."

"Poor uncle Willy, needed a break," Will provided as a softening to Hannibal's sudden cool demeanour. “He’s never been to Florence, n-never been anywhere really,” And that sad piece of information was true. Will swallowed the self-deprecating comment discreetly but not fast enough to avoid Hannibal’s laser focus glance.

Alana was stunned, Italy? So suddenly? Why? Hannibal had not told her, not even hinted. She swallowed drily and shifted in her chair. "Any reason for the unexpected holiday?"

Will pursed his lips, lies did take some fair mental effort, but before he could answer Hannibal began to chuckle.

Alana grimaced. "Something funny?"

"Oh no no, I'm not sure I'm supposed to say," Mikhail had that smug look that grated at Alana's maturity. Maybe that's why Hannibal had never mentioned Mikhail, the kid was an obvious brat. Billy on the other hand seemed polite, mild mannered, and in her judgement not a troublemaker at all. But she was sure they both knew something.

Mikhail sighed and Alana frowned. She had seen this sort of thing before, typical of patients at Port Haven when they play pranks on the staff, aren’t kids precious? "Look, I'm just worried and I needed to know if everything was okay, I haven't been able to reach him,"

“Him?” Will asked for clarification despite knowing who Alana had really come in search of. She must have been to Hannibal's house first, and finding it without its occupant came here in search of the cause of her boyfriend’s disappearance.

“Uh, yes, well, both of them, Will and Hannibal,” Said Alana casually. Will observed her little tics that were so poorly hidden, a slight dismissive glance, a small inhale of breath, her palm caressing away the movement in her knee. Will had assured himself that it would not affect him but the foreknowledge didn't detract from the sight he saw. He replied with a lifeless smile, lips firm in displeasure.

"Well if you must know…" Mikhail flipped his hair. "My uncle is predisposed to romantic whims," He waved his hand lazily in the air. "Email should provide more success if you wish for contact,"

Will choked on some misbehaving droplets of spit. "Romantic…?" Hannibal's confession came out of left field making him seriously consider whether implicating his adult self of abducting his psychiatrist with the threat of violence was not the better option after all. Will saw it for what is was; Hannibal had no reason for Alana anymore and was in the process of severing their relationship. Quite ingenious really, to distract Alana's more rational mind of all the inconsistencies of their so called vacation so that now she was honed to the matter of emotional betrayal. However, this unsettled Will who felt his own ticking clock, he knew a lot more than Alana and if he remembered his Latin he would echo to himself " *hodie mihi, cras tibi"* , *today it's my turn, tomorrow it will be yours.* The only difference was that Will might not escape with only a broken heart but without a heart at all.

"U-uncle *Will* ain't that way inclined, "

"My uncle *Hannibal* has said otherwise,"

"That really isn't for *you* to say," Will spluttered.

"Is that true?" Alana voiced in a fragile sound. But she seemed too easily accepting, blooming further questions in Will's mind he had not considered quite as seriously as he should have. Perhaps there was some merit in this tale after all. Her shoulders were slumped,

the corners of her lips twitched downwards in what looked to be an understanding that emerged crystal clear before her very eyes. Was being a cannibalistic serial killer that far fetched?

"Well…" Was all that Will could say so much so that he repeated it several times, essentially adding nothing to the conversation.

Alana stared incredulously, mouth gaping like a fish out of water. She was clever enough to draw conclusions and several pieces of her puzzle came together like an unwanted image, namely, Will and Hannibal in a passionate embrace by a raging fire with their hot cups of cocoa long forgotten. She shot up from her chair blinking a few times. "Excuse me," Sniffing a little, she straightened her back. "Well you tell your uncle he should stay as long as he likes… in Elba perhaps."

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As Alana was struck with a backhanded comment about Hannibal's romantic getaway with him, Will was just as speechless. Slow to respond or defend such bold insinuations he stuttered, watching helplessly as she left his house.

He closed the door and gritted his teeth. Leaning his head on the door he exhaled an exasperated breath. "She's curious about us,"

"I'm sure she is, Will. Curiosity is better than suspicion--"

" *And* she's upset!" He snapped around once he heard Alana's car crunching along the gravel driveway at speeds he wouldn't recommend for the weather.

Hannibal cocked his head, a small tilt to show his surprise, as if anything surprised Dr. Lecter.

"You broke up with her. I'm sorry, your delightful *uncle Hannibal* broke up with her from the other side of the world!"

Hannibal simply blinked, the expression looking even more vacant and owlish now that he lacked the texture of wrinkles.

"She cares about you, she was *worried* for your safety," Will pointed, storming past in the direction of the dining table, but not before a customary bump of the cannibal's shoulder as he clipped past.

Hannibal remained still for a few beats and uttered a dispassionate "Fascinating," Then, following suit with just as much energy, he crowded into the kitchen where Will was well into the chore of clearing away utensils. "Tell me Will, let's return to our breakfast conversation. You have not contacted Jack Crawford, that much is true, but why is it that you have not *heard* from your good uncle Jack?

Will scrubbed at this morning's dirty dishes. "What? How can I when you *stole* my phone!" His eyes were fixed on the grey sink water while rubbing a little too vigorously at the dried scrambled egg left on a plate.

"Yet Miss Bloom has paid her visit to you, but Jack seems to have no need for such concern? If I may say so, it is uncharacteristically distant of your pseudo father figure."

"Alana is lost, she is desperate for answers based on her personal involvement with *you* , her boyfriend, who, if you recall, has somehow *eloped* with his *psychotic,* ex-unofficial patient, turned official patient, to Italy!"

A twitch of his eye was the only fair warning he gave. Hannibal was lighting fast, with a dirty knife in his hand he had Will pinned against the kitchen bench. "Let me quote the words of my ex-unofficial patient turned patient; 'don't lie to me'" Things were too good to be true, Hannibal thought, and internally he wept as Queen Dido wept when she learned of Aeneas' abandonment. He considered burning a pyre but he could not imagine impaling himself atop of it, that role was best suited for someone else.

Will caught Hannibal's knife wielding hand by the wrist but his own were still wet and soapy. Hannibal had the foresight to arrest his other hand, locking them in a graceless imitation of a ballroom dance position.

Baring his teeth, Will hissed. "What were doing at this age huh?" He remembered his yet to be utilised legs and in a reflexive jerk shot his knee into Hannibal's belly. "I've had enough practice with bullies, we're not so different now," Momentarily they were separated and Will took his chance to pounce, landing his full teenage weight atop of Hannibal's chest with a satisfying *'oof!'* escaping from the cannibal. With Hannibal on the floor Will threw away the dropped knife far out of the reach of any opportunistic, emotionally charged, serial killers.

His lips bled when Will's boney fist connected with his mouth, but Hannibal licked them clean with a smile. "I was hunting pigs." The pain of split skin was inconsequential since Hannibal had been entranced by the twinkle in Will's stormy eyes. "Duplicity becomes you, Will."

"Duplicity? That's rich coming from you,"

"Since when Will? Since when had you been working with Jack?"

Will and Hannibal continued into a flurry, grappling at each other in hopes to overwhelm their young bodied opponent. The struggle felt real since now they were more evenly matched, but in reality their fight had culminated in an uninspiring tangle of skinny pubescent limbs. Around them the dogs were barking, tails wagging in excitement. Unaware of the very real danger to their master, they assumed this was some sort of fun game and they were desperate to participate.

The cotton collar of Hannibal's shirt was stretched out of shape with every grab and pull of Will's shaking hands. Every strike of his fist to Hannibal's jaw percolated a deep feeling of satisfaction.

"I let you know me, Will, see me. I gave you a rare gift but you didn't want it."

Hannibal was unbelievable, torrents of sadness spilled from the cannibal in waves and Will began to laugh maniacally. "Gifts are given without expecting anything in return, this must be the first time you've given anyone anything since you have no idea on how it works, you selfish asshole,"

"I'll ignore the profanity," Said Hannibal ruefully. "I forgive you, Will. Will you forgive me?" He said as sincerely as one can be, given the mess of blood dripping off his face.

Will looked down at Hannibal's open expression where he spotted the cannibal's eyes bursting with emotional turmoil. Beneath all that monstrosity there was actually still room for the concept of forgiveness, too coldblooded to resemble anything normal, but Will was the only mind capable of understanding such a dysfunction. He faltered a little, but luckily the dogs broke that train of thought when they began to lick at Hannibal's face, thoroughly enjoying the flecks of salt and iron.

"Christ, listen to yourself!" Will released his hold, he had had enough, Hannibal had found a reason to enjoy this scuffle and Will wanted to end it before he did too. "What are you gonna' do Hannibal? Kill me?" Will stood, breathing laboriously.

"I couldn't," Mumbled Hannibal quietly.

"Few may know the esteemed Dr. Lecter, but who knows *Mikhail?* Nobody, that's who," Will hoped that stung more than the punches were originally meant to do.

"But you do, intimately,"

Clicking his tongue, Will hopped over and grabbed the knife off the floor and just to be sure he went through all his drawers for the others too. Heading towards the stairs he took them all with him. "Gonna go fishing and you are *not* invited."

Hannibal sat up and wiped beneath his nose. "What will I use to prepare lunch with, Will?" He called out. "Will?"

End Notes

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